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## SCIENTIFIC FARMING AT ROTHAMSTED.

In the November number of the *Popular Science Monthly* there is an interesting paper from Prof. Manly Miles, so long connected with our State Agricultural College but now a resident of the State of New York, on "Scientific Farming at Rothamsted." The paper aims to sum up in a brief and concise manner what has been accomplished for practical agriculture by the series of experiments carried on at Rothamsted, England, by Messrs. J. B. Lawes and J. H. Gilbert. The Professor gives in a brief paragraph the biography of these two men, who have made their names known to all civilized nations by the eminent services they have rendered practical as well as scientific agriculture. Rothamsted is situated in the County of Hertfordshire, England, about twenty-five miles from London. It was here Mr. Lawes was born in 1814, and here, after passing through the public school at Eaton and the Brasenose College at Oxford, that he began his experiments and investigations into agricultural problems. Mr. Miles says:

"Soon after taking possession of his hereditary property at Rothamsted, in 1824, he began a systematic course of experiments with different fertilizers, first with plants in pots, and afterward in the field. The researches of Sausure on vegetation were the chief subjects of his study to this end. Of all the experiments so made, those in which the neutral phosphate of lime in bones, bone-ash, and guano, was rendered soluble by means of sulphuric acid, and the mixture applied for root-crops, gave the most striking results. The results obtained on a small scale in 1827-1829 were such as to lead to more extensive trials in the field in 1840 and 1841, and subsequently."

In 1849 more systematic field experiments were commenced, from which time the foundation of the Rothamsted Experiment Station may be said to have commenced. It has been maintained entirely by Mr. Lawes, who, besides, has set apart a fund of £100,000 (\$500,000) and certain areas of land for its continuance after his death. The general scope and plan of the field experiments has been to grow some of the most important crops of rotation, each separately, year after year, for many years in succession on the same land, without manure, with farm-yard manure, and with a great variety of chemical manures; the same description of manure being, as a rule, applied year after year, on the same plot. Experiments on an actual course of rotation, without manure and with different manures, have also been made. In this way experiments have been conducted with thirty-seven plots of wheat for thirty-nine years; on twenty-nine plots of barley for thirty-nine years in succession; on oats, six plots for ten years; on wheat alternated with fallow, two plots for thirty-one years; on different descriptions of wheat for fifteen years, with plots now numbering twenty; on beans ten plots for thirty-two years; on beans alternated with wheat, ten plots for twenty-eight years; on clover, two plots for twenty-six years; on turnips, forty plots for twenty-eight years, including three years with barley; on sugar beets, forty-one plots for five years; on mangold-wurzel, forty-one plots for seven years; on potatoes, ten plots for seven years; on rotation, twelve plots for thirty-five years; on permanent grass land, twenty-two plots for seven years. This enumeration will serve to show how extensively experimenting is being carried on.

Comparative experiments are also being made with different manures on other descriptions of soils and in other localities. Samples of all the experimental crops are taken and brought to the laboratory. Weighed portions of each are partially dried and preserved for future reference or analysis. Duplicate weighed portions of each are dried at 100° C., the dry matter determined, then burned to ash on platinum sheets in cast-iron muffles. The quantities of ash are determined and recorded, and the ashes themselves are pre-

served for reference or analysis. In a large proportion of the samples the nitrogen is determined, and in some the amount existing as albuminoids, amides, and nitric acid.

In selecting cases—illustrating the influence of season, manures, exhaustion, etc.—complete ash analyses have been made, numbering in all more than seven hundred. Also in selected cases illustrating the influence of season and manuring, quantities of the experimentally grown wheat-grain have been sent to the mill, and the proportion and composition of the different mill products determined.

In the sugar beet, mangold-wurzel, and potatoes, the sugar in the juice has in most cases been determined by the polariscope, and frequently by copper also.

In the case of the experiments on the mixed herbage of permanent grass land, besides the samples taken from the determination of the chemical composition (dry matter, ash, nitrogen, woody fibre, fatty matter, and composition of ash), carefully averaged samples have frequently been taken for the determination of the botanical composition. In this way, on four occasions, at intervals of five years—viz., in 1862, 1867, 1872 and 1877—a sample of the produce of each plot was taken and submitted to careful botanical separation, and the percentage, by weight, of each species in the mixed herbage determined. Partial separations, in the case of samples from selected plots (frequently of both first and second crops), have also been made in other years. This is a condensed statement of the plan of the field experiments, and brief outline of the work performed in connection with them.

More than one thousand samples of soil have been taken from the experiment plots, at different depths, for the purpose of analysis, to ascertain the rate of soil exhaustion under different conditions, and to trace the relations of the soil to the crops grown and to the manures applied.

For nearly thirty years the rain fall has been measured in a gauge having an area of one thousandth of an acre, and frequent analyses have been made to determine the available supply of combined nitrogen in the form of ammonia and nitric acid that can be obtained by plants from this source. In some cases the chlorine has also been determined. The absorptive capacity of soils and subsoils for water and ammonia has likewise been investigated.

The quantity and composition of drainage waters under various conditions have been the subject of elaborate and extended experiments for many years, and the results obtained are of the greatest importance.

Experiments were made for several years with plants representing the graminaceous, the leguminous and other families, and also with evergreen and deciduous trees, to ascertain the amount of water given off during their growth.

Observations on the character and range of the roots of different plants, the relative development of leaf and stem, and their composition at various stages of growth, have been made in connection with experiments to determine the differences in the amount and constituents assimilated by plants of different botanical families, under similar conditions, and of the same plant under varying conditions. From those investigations, so far as they have been published, it appears that the chemical relations of the plant and soil are, to a great extent, determined by botanical and physiological conditions.

The legitimate aim of all systematic, exact experiments is to lay a foundation of well ascertained and closely related facts on which may be developed a superstructure of science to supersede the theoretical speculations which form an important part of the prelude of scientific discovery. In this work of reconstruction, Drs. Lawes and Gilbert have for many years occupied a prominent position, and a full account of their labors would involve in the record a history of agricultural science for the past half century.

The eminent services of Drs. Lawes and Gilbert, in the improvement of agriculture and the advancement of science, have been repeatedly recognized. In 1854 Dr. Lawes was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1867 the royal medal was awarded to him conjointly with Dr. Gilbert, by the council of the society. The gold medal of the Imperial Agricultural Society of Russia was awarded to Dr. Lawes, and last year the Emperor of Germany, by imperial decree, awarded the gold medal of merit for agriculture to Dr. Lawes and Dr. Gilbert jointly. "In recognition of their services for the development of scientific and practical agriculture." The above extracts, taken at random from Prof. Miles' interesting paper, will serve to show how deeply indebted are all interested in agriculture to these two men, who have spent the greater part of a life time in a work that has been unrewarded except by the applause they have gained from those who appreciate it at something like its true value.

Two very fine Shorthorn bull calves are offered for sale in our advertising columns. They are not only good individually, but of high breeding. Particulars can be learned by applying at this office, or to Mr. William Johnson of Northville, this county.

### TOPPING CORN.

In a recent number of the *FARMER*, a correspondent wished to know whether corn could be topped earlier than it could be cut at the root. He also stated that it was too late to practice any suggestions that might be offered, but that it could be remembered. This naturally suggests the farmer's scrap book, which seems more of a necessity to him than to a person in any other occupation, for much that is valuable comes to his knowledge from the practice of others after the opportunity has passed for applying it. A year must often elapse before the season again comes around, and in that time the memory has let slip the details, if not the whole subject, and the valuable suggestion is lost, or so dimly remembered as to be impracticable.

In this article I propose to go over the whole ground of topping corn, giving my method, with some reasons why, etc.

I start with the proposition that corn cannot be topped sooner than it can be cut at the root. The unthinking will reason that the juices from the earth will reach the ear and mature it even when the top is cut off, but the laws which govern the circulation of sap in plants prevent such a completing process. This process of circulation is similar to the circulation of blood in animals. The blood comes from the extremities in one set of vessels to the heart and thence to the lungs to become purified, and then back to the extremities in another set of tubes, and this backward flow is what builds up the tissues and sustains life; so in plants, the watery sap ascends along the inner portions of the stalk stem, carrying with it the soluble food which is necessary to build up the structure and goes directly to the leaves as the blood of animals goes to the lungs, where it comes in contact with the air, the pure water in excess of what is demanded by the working forces of the plant is thrown off and the residue is transposed through the alchemy of the leaf into plant food, and returns along the outer network of tubes to build up the stem; to make cob, and grain and flower and fruit. When the leaves are stripped or cut from the plant, the sources of life and growth are at once cut off. Theoretically the corn can be topped at the root sooner than it can be topped, but practically the difference is too slight to be set down as a rule. Everything that checks leaf expansion checks growth. Vines were once stripped of their leaves to give the clusters a chance to ripen in the sun, but we have outgrown all that; the true office of leaves is better understood. The leaf determines whether the ascending sap shall distill into sweet or sour, whether the grain shall be wheat or chess, or oats, or barley. When the stalk is cut above the ear the leaves below it still perform their office to the stalk below, but these leaves die out as the forces of the plant tend toward the building up of the seed, and become more and more unnecessary as the grain matures.

So much for the philosophy of growth and the reasons determining the proposition at the outset. As to methods, I practice the following: putting four rows of corn into one row of gables. The first time across, I very accurately lay my gables with just six hills between, this is about right where corn is not planted too thickly; if large and thick I lay them five hills apart; whatever the distance be exact. This first row is the index for the place to put the next row of gables, and that needs no counting, they are simply placed in the same row opposite the first. I am thus particular so that the bundles may be uniform in size and the place to lay down is marked and needs no looking back—it saves time. If the field is 40 rods one way and the corn is planted four feet apart, at six hills apart the gables will come out even, or within a row of it, according how near the fence the corn is planted. In binding I put nine bundles in a shock; taking three rows I bind the first bundle in the outside row and carry it to the second and throw it over on the second gavel of the middle row, where the shock is to stand; the third bundle is thrown backward toward the center or near the third gavel of the middle row, to be taken along when that is bound. The fourth bundle I carry forward to the fifth and throw over as before to where the second shock is to stand, so on across the field. I then go back over the third row, proceeding as before. When I bind the center row, the bundles are all within reach, and are set up as I go along. This saves going over the field the second time to gather the bundles together to set them up, and there is a system about it; every move counts, and the moves are all alike; when once started it will work itself, and the mind can go wool gathering—the work will not suffer. If the rows are 40 rods long and the bundles six hills apart there will be nine shocks, and they will come even, nine bundles to the shock. If the field has been accurately worked out, the rows of shocks will maintain the same regularity and look workmanlike, and in hauling, the loads can be regulated with just so many shocks to the load of uniform size.

Topping corn is usually done by boys who have no method and they run back and forth twice over the same ground, when once would have sufficed had there

been some system to work up to. With this system I have been able this fall to top and set up two acres per day to the hand in corn that will yield fifty bushels, counting two cubic feet to the bushel, or a little over eighty bushels of ears to the acre.

A. C. G.

### THE NEW STOCK YARDS.

Last Thursday, in company with Mr. Wm. Wreford, we took a ride out to the new Central Stock Yards, which are now nearly ready for occupancy. These yards are situated a little west and south of the Grand Trunk Junction, and cover a space of 19 acres. The first thing done in building the yards was to properly grade the ground and then the sewerage was attended to, and each in the most perfect manner. Fifteen acres of the yards were then paved with cobble stones, the lanes and yards crowning 90 ft. to give perfect drainage, and each yard having sewer traps, as well as others at short intervals in the alleys and lanes. The loading and unloading dock is a very substantial affair. It is 1,100 feet long, built of stone to within about one foot of the height of the bottom of a freight car door, where it is capped by 12x12 timber the whole length. It is then filled up with dirt back of the shutters and paved with cobble stone.

For cattle there are 65 yards; all but seven of the largest being paved, and each is fitted with water troughs and feeding racks. They furnish ample accommodation for 3,000 head of cattle.

The hog pens number 30, and are the best we have seen in any yards. Instead of pavement they are floored with two inch plank. The flooring from both ends has a slight decline to the center, where a space of eight or nine inches is left for drainage. They are under cover, are built in the most substantial manner, and have a capacity of 5,000 hogs.

The sheep pens are thirty in number and 5,000 sheep can be taken care of in them. They are paved with cobble stone, and have water in each yard as well as feeding racks. The sheep yards have not been fully roofed, and in this we think there has been a mistake, but one, however, that can be easily remedied. The roof, as it now is, leaves an open space in the center of the yard, which if the yard be full, would leave a part of the sheep exposed to the weather. Take a flock of sheep exposed to a rain storm and while it will add more to their weight than any other class of live stock, it will also detract more from their appearance. This we have no doubt will be changed if when the attention of the company is called to it.

For the care of horses, a stable has been constructed which will accommodate 75 head. It contains two box stalls, and also two hospital stalls. Instead of flooring it is covered with cinders to the depth of six inches, and then covered with sawdust. This stable has been built after the plan of the stables located at the yards in Joliet, Ill., and Toledo, Ohio, which have given the shippers of horses the best satisfaction.

Ample arrangements have been made for the storage of feed for the stock which may come to the yards. Two large barns, each of which will hold 100 tons of hay, one in the vicinity of the cattle yards and the other near the sheep pens, have been built. They have been put up in a best manner, and are fitted up with a granary which will hold 3,000 bushels of grain. The feeding department is all that could be desired.

To facilitate weighing and prevent the necessity of driving the stock from one end of the yards to the other, two sets of scales will be used. The cattle scales are situated near the cattle yards, and are of 30 tons capacity, sufficient to weigh a carload or more at a draft. The hog and sheep scales are located adjacent to the sheep and hog pens, and are of 10 tons capacity, the same as used at the old yards.

For office purposes a new building has been constructed, which is a great improvement on the one at the old yards. It is 60 feet in length and two stories high. The lower part is partitioned off into two rooms; the smaller one is for the telegraph office and the office of the superintendent; the large room is intended for an office for the dealers to do their business in, and will be furnished with tables, chairs and desks. A flight of stairs from the general office and also from the super's office leads to the floor above, which has been partitioned off into rooms, and will be used as sleeping apartments for the employees at the yards.

Taking the yards as a whole we think they will compare favorably with any in the country, and much credit for their completeness is due to Mr. L. B. Crocker, the present efficient superintendent, who has devoted much of his time during the past three months to superintending their erection. Drovers who have visited them say that the hog pens are ahead of those in either Chicago or St. Louis, the cattle yards fully as good, and the sheep pens, with the exception of the roofing, equal to any.

Two residents of Jackson own a farm of 2,500 acres near Blanchard, Dakota, from which they took 21,500 bushels of wheat, 4,500 of oats, and 2,000 of barley. There are but 1,000 acres under cultivation.

### DESIRABLE QUALITIES IN MERINO SHEEP.

[A Paper read by I. H. Butterfield, Jr., at a meeting of the Macomb County Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers held at Romeo September 6th.]

Gentlemen of the Macomb County Sheep Breeders and Wool Growers Association:

It is with great diffidence that I appear before you to present a few thoughts on the subject I have chosen. Were this gathering of gentlemen not versed in Merino sheep husbandry, I might hope at least to present something new, if not instructive; but I am estopped from that by the great experience and knowledge of all of you in relation to this subject. And I have no doubt I shall fall altogether in bringing before you any new facts. It is however sometimes helpful to look over facts with which we are already familiar, and to see what is the most valuable in a different combination of facts we already know. The object of associations like this is not only to promote the general interest in the great wool industry, but also to breeders in this country, but to improve the quality of the flocks as well. To do this, it may be well to look at the past improvement, the present condition, and ask what is to be still further advance. We know that any branch of agriculture or stock breeding makes the greatest progress when it is fairly profitable, at least sufficiently so to make it interest in general and widespread. The strife to have the best begins in friendly rivalry between neighboring breeders, and finally thence to townships, counties and finally states and nations. It has been so with the Merino sheep interest. Less than a century ago Spain contained all the true wool of the flocks as well. To do this, it may be well to look at the past improvement, the present condition, and ask what is to be still further advance. We know that any branch of agriculture or stock breeding makes the greatest progress when it is fairly profitable, at least sufficiently so to make it interest in general and widespread. The strife to have the best begins in friendly rivalry between neighboring breeders, and finally thence to townships, counties and finally states and nations. It has been so with the Merino sheep interest. 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**DEAF**

As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring hearing they deal for thirty years, he being with them seven children, all well, none observable, and remain in position as before.

**FREE CAUTION:** Do not be deceived by bogus art drugs. Mine is the only successful artificial Ear Drum manufacture.

**JOHN GARMORE,**  
Fish & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O.  
Sufferer











## Poetry.

## THE FATE OF A FAST YOUNG MAN.

[The following verses were written by a young man confined in the Illinois State Prison, and the same and story is told by hundreds of young men whose down fall is traceable to the evil practices described below.]

It's curious, isn't it Billy,

The change twelve months may bring;

Last year I was in Saratoga,

As happy and rich as a king;

I was taking in pools on the race,

And feel the waters with "Ten,"

And slipping mint juleps by twilight,

And to-day I am here in the "pen."

"What led me to this?" What a ways

Leads men to destruction and crime?

The prodigal son, whom you've read of,

Has altered somewhat in his time,

He spends his substance as freely

As the Biblical fellow of old;

But when it is gone he fancies,

The husks will turn into gold.

Champagne, a box at the opera,

High step while the fortune is flash,

The passionate kiss of women

Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush.

The old, old story, Billy,

Of pleasure that end in tears,

The froth that foams for an hour,

The drops that are tasted for years.

Last night as I sat here and pondered

On the end of my evil ways,

There arose like a phantom before me

The vision of boyhood's days.

I thought of my old home, Billy,

The schoolhouse that stood on the hill,

The brook that flowed thro' the meadow,

I can hear its music still.

Again I thought of my mother,

Of the mother who taught me to pray;

Whose love was a precious treasure

That I heedlessly cast away,

I saw again in my visions

The fresh-lipped, careless boy,

To whom the future was boundless,

And the world but a mighty toy.

I thought of all this as I sat here,

Of my ruined and wasted life,

And the pang of remorse was bitter,

They pierce my heart like a knife.

It takes some courage, Billy,

To laugh in the face of fate,

When the yearning ambitions of manhood

Are blasted at twenty-eight.

## Miscellaneous.

## CLOSE SHAVE FOR A WIFE.

A winding country road, shut in by flower-arched hedges from fields of waving corn, reached over by a vault of deepest blue. The lark, a dim and wavering speck in the upper air, shook out incessant trills of melody, and the brook warbled a tuneless answer to his wordless song. The scene, lovely in itself, had gained, at the moment we beheld it, the completing touch which artists call "a human interest," without which few scenes are worth a painter's while to copy, or a story-teller's while to write about. Round a corner of the lane came two figures—a well-set up, handsome youth of five-and-twenty, and a girl of seventeen or so. The girl, as became the heroine of a love-story, was pretty, and borrowed an additional charm from the chastened smile of humor which lurked in the eyes which shot an occasional glance at her companion, who seemed perturbed in spirit, and plucked at his moustache with a nervous hand.

"I thought you had something to say," said the girl, demurely.

"So I have," answered the young man, "I'm going away."

"For long?"

"I don't know, yet. It may be only a day or two, it may be a month, or even more."

The smile faded from the girl's eyes, and left them grave, and her lips quivered a little. By some keen feminine instinct, incompressible to us of the other sex, she knew that her companion's glance was turned on her, although her own had dropped to the dusty road.

"It's too bad, Mr. Eytton," she said petulantly. "When you had promised for the 24th, and the rehearsals were going on so nicely! It will spoil everything."

"You don't suppose I want to go?" asked the young man.

"You are going," said the girl. "It's too bad. Who is to play the Marquis, if you aren't back in time?"

"There are plenty of fellows to pick from," answered her companion. "Try Tom Courtenay," he suggested, with the air of one who launches a conversational shot of unusual point.

"Why are you going?" inquired the young lady with a sudden assumption of ease.

The young man's face, which had brightened a little, clouded again.

"I got a letter this morning from West, my uncle's lawyer. He took the letter from my pocket as he spoke, but restored it again unopened. 'My uncle is very ill; so ill, West says, that he can't last much longer; so ill that he could not write himself. He wants me to go and see him.'"

"I am very sorry," said the girl. "Of course you must go."

"Yes," he answered. "I must go."

"It was very thoughtful of you to remember the theatricals at all, at such a time, and to give me warning. I'm sorry I was so—so cross about it. It must be very sad to lose any one you love."

"I'm afraid I am not so sorry for that as I ought to be," answered the young fellow. "West says—"

"West says—"

"West says that the will is in my favor. You see—"

He stopped short, at the sudden look of pained amazement on the girl's face.

"No, I didn't mean that," he broke out. "Nelly, don't go away. Stay! You can't think me such a cad as to be glad of a man's death because it brings me money? Hang the money! Can't you guess why I'm glad?"

The girl's eyes dropped again, and she stood trembling. Mr. Eytton bit his lips with vexation, and made two distinct attempts to speak, with no comprehensible result. The girl was the first to recover herself.

"Will you kindly explain?" she asked, a little icily, though her cheeks were

burning, and her eyes less steady than she wished to make them.

"I don't know where to begin," said the young man.

"Begin," responded the young lady lucidly, "at the beginning."

"I will," he said with an aspect of desperate determination. "I love you. I should never have had the cheek to tell you so if I hadn't got this letter. But now I can offer you such a life as you have a right to expect. I couldn't go away in uncertainty. I have really been trying to feel sorry for poor old uncle all day, and I couldn't think of anything but you. I've thought of nothing else for—ages, since I met you first. It's ungrateful, perhaps—in fact I'm sure it is—but I can't help feeling glad that I have the right to speak."

The girl's likeness melted before this sudden warmth, and face and neck and ears were rosy red.

"If you say 'Yes,' I shall be sorry," said the young man.

There is a certain school of philosophers which declare that the female sex is void of humor. If that doctrine be true of women in general, Miss Helen Boswell must be taken as an exception.

"Then I think I had better say 'No!'" she said in answer to the young man's remarkable declaration.

Young men in love are notoriously stupid, but even Mr. Eytton, who was as much in love as any young man could be, penetrated the meaning of this utterance.

"Say 'Yes,'" he answered, boldly possessing himself of her passive hand. She made a feeble motion to withdraw it, whereat he passed his arm about her waist and took the other. She raised her eyes in one swift glance at his face, and dropped them again. The pressure of the arm about her tightened, as he renewed his bidding, and her lips moved "Yes," although no sound was audible, even to her lover's ears. Whereat, his boldness overran all restraint, and, overcoming the slightest possible resistance, he drew the lips to his, and kissed them.

"Why do men fall in love?" inquired Miss Boswell some half hour later, with an air of philosophical research.

"Judging from my own case," answered Mr. Eytton, "because they can't help it."

"Now, see what you have brought on yourself," continued the young lady. "You'll have to tell Aunt Eliza, and then she's sure to tell you the history of her own courtship, which you must have heard fifty times already."

"I don't mind. I'm rather fond of Ancient History."

"Don't interrupt, and don't laugh at Aunt Eliza, if you please. Then you'll have to face papa, and tell him all about it when he comes home. And then," she paused to give full weight to the announcement, "then you'll have to marry me."

"Mr. Eytton boldly announced himself untouched by the terrors of this programme."

"Ah," said Nelly, "you don't know yet."

"What kind of man is the General?" asked her companion.

"I haven't seen him for twelve years," answered Nelly. "I was only five when he took me on board the ship at Madras, and he's never been to England since. He was always very kind, and I cried awfully when I left him. And he writes me such nice letters, and sends me things by pretty nearly every ship that comes home. And Aunt Eliza says he's the best man she ever knew. I don't think you need be very much afraid of him."

"With such an ally," answered her lover, "I should not be afraid of a dozen generals."

"There be quiet, George," said Nelly. "Do not Aunt Eliza on the lawn."

"Asleep, as usual," said George. "Let us wake her up, and ask for some tea. And then I must run away and catch the 4.20."

"I am awake, young people," said Aunt Eliza. "Good afternoon, Mr. Eytton. Nelly, what are you looking so guilty about?"

"Nelly and I, Mrs. Tresham," said George, with his arm round his sweetheart's waist, "have a confession to make."

"I knew it!" said the old lady, with sleepy triumph. "You needn't take the trouble. I'm not always asleep, and I've seen it coming these last two months. Nelly, come and kiss me. So you love him, after all, you little hypocrite!"

"I—I think so," said Nelly.

"You think so?" said the old lady. "You little goose! Young people were more certain of their own minds when I was young. But there are no young people nowadays. Love has gone out of fashion. A decorous attachment is what young people feel toward each other now. George, you may kiss me too. You might have thought more of the privilege forty years ago. Nelly, go and order some tea. Sit down, Mr. Eytton, and tell me why you must leave us so soon."

George entered into particulars.

"I couldn't go away in uncertainty, Mrs. Tresham," he concluded; "so I asked Nelly this afternoon."

"Uncertainty, indeed!" said Mrs. Tresham. "As if there was any uncertainty! But young men are stupid, nowadays. Nelly has been in love with you this two months past."

"And you will help us with the General?" asked George.

"Valiant young man!" laughed the old lady. "Why didn't you ask me to make love for you to Nelly?"

"I preferred taking that department myself," answered George.

"Be off with you," said Mrs. Tresham, in high good-humor. "It's four o'clock. You'll just have time to catch the train. What is it, Kitty?"

A servant appeared, carrying a buff-enveloped missive on a salver. Mrs. Tresham opened and read it.

"From the General, my dear. He is at Southampton, and will be home to-morrow. Good-by, George. Set your mind at rest. Is that all you have to give your accepted lover, Nelly, going away for we don't know how long? I'm not looking, child."

"I'm not so sure that I didn't shed a futile

tear myself, and as for laughing—my ribs were sore for a week after. Come and hear him. There's nothing like him at any of the theatres."

"He must be good," said Eytton, laughing. "He has positively made Tom Courtenay enthusiastic!"

"Come and hear him," replied Courtenay, "he'll do the same for you."

"Where is this paragon to be seen?"

"In the Brooklyn Hall, Taylor Street. It's only two minutes' walk. You may come away if you don't care for it. Though if you wait till Short begins, you won't leave till he has finished. I promise you. And you can mention casually, in your interview with the General to-morrow, that you spent last evening at a temperance meeting. Give him a good idea of your general moral tone."

"All right," said Eytton, laughing. "I'm ready."

They left the club arm in arm, and took their way to Taylor street. Coming to the hall, they found it besieged by a throng of people, who filtered through the doors, to swell the audience already seated. It was a vast, bare room, walls and ceiling in whitewashed plaster; the spacious platform of the wide gallery and all the seats and fittings constructed of wood. The place was destitute of any attempt at ornamentation. In ten minutes after the arrival of the friends the hall was filled to its utmost capacity, though crowds still besieged the entrance. It was summer weather, but the place soon grew suffocatingly hot, although the skimp framed windows were opened; and the buzz of conversation was deafening. In a while, the audience grew clamorous at the sight of the still deserted platform, and summoned the tardy orators of the night with rounds of Kentish fire. They came at last, and were received with a burst of applause compared with which that at Drury Lane was a whisper.

"That's Short," said Courtenay to his companion; "the big man with the white beard, talking to the chairman."

"Who's the chair?"

"Haven't a notion; military-looking party."

A gentleman, conspicuous in the white tie and long coat of the Established Church came forward, and, having commanded silence by a motion of the hand, delivered a short extemporaneous prayer, to which the vast audience uttered a sonorous "Amen." Then a second gentleman, in dubiously tinted linen, and looking generally like a caricature of his confrere, gave out a hymn, two lines at a time, which were sung with somewhat rude but genuine fervor. The chairman then announced that Mrs. Rachel Pounder would address the meeting. Mrs. Pounder, an economically constructed lady clad in shining and crackly silks, advanced to the handrail, with the aspect of a feminine policeman bent on taking her whole audience into custody. George had never dreamed of anything like her, even in a nightmare, and listened to her cominatory periods, delivered in a steam-whistle voice, with a short lived interest which speedily degenerated into boredom. Mrs. Pounder, having few ideas, hid poverty of thought under fluency of language. Such ideas as she had were chiefly disagreeable, and comprised the questionable dogma that everybody not belonging to the peculiar branch of the Temperance League of which she was a member would discover his mistake, too late to rectify it, in a future state of considerable discomfort. However, she subsided at last, apparently to the satisfaction of her audience, who applauded her but feebly.

Then came disaster.

The chairman said that, before requesting Mr. Short to address the meeting, he would avail himself of a hint which he owed to that gentleman, by inviting such as were present, and felt the spirit move them, to encourage their neighbors in the path of temperance by quoting such short passages from the Scriptures or poets in praise of the invitation was accepted.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

"At the last it stings like an adder and biteth like a serpent." "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," and kindred texts were repeated in succession from different parts of the building, in every variety of voice and key. One young man in the neighborhood of the platform secured enthusiastic applause by a repetition of the Shakespearean lines:

For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors to the blood,  
And so mine age is like a lousy winter,  
Frosty and kind.

Then, moved, doubtless, by the instigation of the devil, arose Mr. George Eytton. His dress and appearance, so completely different from those of the rest of the audience, attracted great attention, which grew as he slowly adjusted his coat and fitted his eyeglass. They waited, the more enthusiastic of them drawing a deep breath, the better to applaud the sentiment he had risen to utter. It came.

"Take a little for the stomach's sake," there was a moment's dead silence, and Mr. Eytton, borne upon the crest of a human wave, found himself in the deserted streets, with no very clear idea of how he got there. His hat was gone, his light dust overcoat hung upon him in ribbons. He leaned against a convenient lamp post, and laughed until the street re-echoed. Presently, wiping the tears from his eyes, he beheld Mr. Courtenay, partner in his expulsion and his merriment.

"It was too bad, George," said Courtenay, gasping.

"I couldn't have helped it, if I'd been hung for it," answered Eytton. "Confound it all, the chairman asked for texts. I gave one, didn't I? I say, Courtenay, old man, I can't walk home in this state. Fetch a cab for me, there's a good fellow, while I have my laugh out."

Courtenay moved away to fulfill his friend's behest, but suddenly stood stone still.

"I say! Eytton! Look here!"

"What the matter?"

Courtenay's sole answer was to point to a flaming poster on the wall. George followed the direction of his friend's forefinger, and read, with a dropping jaw—

"The chair to be taken at 8 o'clock by GENERAL SIR MAXIMUS BOSWELL, K.C.B."

Upon the morning following the events recorded in the last chapter, Miss Kitty, engaged in the household of General Boswell, as lady's maid to that officer's daughter, was exercised in mind regarding the movements and intentions of a mysterious stranger, who had, for the last half hour, been taking secret views of the house from behind various trees, and otherwise conducting himself in an unusual and remarkable manner. The stranger was eminently respectable, and indeed mildly clerical, in appearance. He was clean shaved, and wore blue glasses and a long frock coat, but his behavior was incongruous and therefore, to the mind of the faithful Kitty, suspicious. Having for sometime watched his movements from the shadow of an arbor, she emerged, and betook herself, in an innocent and *depose* manner, to the culling of a nosegay from the garden beds. The mysterious one made frantic efforts to attract her attention, with apparent non-success. She saw his signals, but gave no sign in return. Waxing bolder, the stranger, carefully encircling himself behind a tree, called her by her name, whereat the maiden with a stifled scream, dropped the half-completed nosegay, and scuttled back to the arbor, with a mighty *fron-fron* of the petticoats. The stranger made himself as small as he could, and wait-d. The damsel presently returned, with gingerly steps.

"Kitty! repeated the stranger.

"Oh, goodness gracious!" said the young lady, and started off again, but checked herself.

"Kitty! Don't you know me?" asked the mysterious one, coming for a second into full view, and taking off his blue glasses. The girl gave a second little scream, and the young man dropped precipitately behind his shelter.

"Mr. Eytton! Well, I never! In blue glasses! And, oh good gracious, what's gone of your mustaches?"

"Hush-h-h-h!" said George in a tremulous whisper. "Hush-h-h! Where's the General?"

"He's upstairs, in his study, reading the paper. Well, of all the—"

"Yes, I know! Where's Miss Boswell?"

"She's gone into the village, to see old Mrs. Slocomb. Well, if ever—"

"All right, never mind all that. Look here, you see this letter. I'll put it here, in this cleft of the tree. You can come out and get it, and give it to Miss Boswell. Don't let her see the general till she's read it. Where's Mrs. Tresham?"

"She's in the dining-room."

"Asleep?"

"I don't know. I should think so."

"Go and see, there's a good girl. If she gives me a signal, and I'll come in. You must open the door for me, and smuggle me up to the General. Don't wait to ask me any questions; Miss Boswell will tell you all about it. I expect, when she's read the letter, or I will some other time."

Kitty departed, wondering, to fulfill her commission. She shared, in a lesser degree, her mistress's affection for Mr. Eytton, and her admiration of him had been cemented by divers presents from the young man, and perhaps also (*Honi soit qui mal y pense*) by those means which are more efficacious in enlisting the sympathies of a pretty girl than more enduring tokens of regard. Aunt Eliza slumbered placidly in the dining-room, and the coast being clear, Kitty gave the promised signal, and admitted George, after due presentation of his card, to the General, in whose face the young man recognized, with a sinking heart, the lineaments of the chairman of the preceding evening.

The General, without clearly knowing why was somewhat puzzled by the apparition of the claimant of his daughter's hand, whose appearance answered neither to his own unformed expectations, nor to those casual scraps of description he had received from Nelly and from Aunt Eliza. The General was sufficiently experienced in the ways of women to know that their likings or dislikings are among the things least certain in a most uncertain universe, but he felt it strange that this semi-clerical young gentleman should have been the man to bear off such a girl as his daughter against all opposition. But he was exceedingly fond of his child, and had no doubt of the depth of her affection for her lover, nor was he so prejudiced as to hold an additional inch or two of length in a coat, or a shade of blue in a pair of spectacles, as an insuperable bar against love's progression. So he received George with a cordiality which increased the feeling of guilt the young man already felt within himself.

"I am very happy to see you, Mr. Eytton; very happy indeed; take a seat."

"Thank you," stammered George. "It's very hot, don't you think, sir?"

The General assented, and sat looking at his visitor with a beaming face. A spare and rather wizened little man, with thin reddish locks crowned a scarlet visage, framed with fiery whiskers. He sat his chair as he might have done his charger on parade.

"I—I never remember to have felt hotter," said George, desperately.

"Indeed!" said the General.

"I suppose you find it almost cool, after India?" continued the young man.

"Not quite so hot as it is here, sometimes," assented Sir Maximus. "Though I suppose it is warm for England. What on earth can Nelly see in this nincompoop?" he asked himself, silently. "Does his courtship of her consist of meteorological comparisons, I wonder?"

George, as we know, found other materials for conversation with Nelly, but at present his usual fluency had deserted him. However, perceiving that his half-formed fears of being recognized, in spite of his disguise, by his future father-in-law, were apparently groundless, he gained courage, and spoke out in such a fashion as vastly improved the general's opinion of him. His affection for Nelly was deep and genuine, and under its influence he waxed almost eloquent, to the thinking of the fatherly heart which drank the young man's praises of Miss Boswell. Sir Maximus listened with a pleased smile, and George, chawing more and more under the old man's geniality, made rapid progress in his good graces.

"Well, Mr. Eytton," he said presently,

"I am an old soldier, and, as you know, old soldiers are cautious. I shall throw no obstacle in your way. You are admitted as my daughter's suitor, and if, as I believe you will, you continue to deserve my good opinion, you shall marry her. I hear the best accounts of you, both from my daughter (though her opinion is not worth much, for reasons best known to yourself) and from my sister, whose judgment is worth more. You are admitted, sir, on probation. What do you say?"

George made such an answer as the General anticipated, and as my reader may imagine for himself.

"Then that's settled," said the General, genially, clapping him on the shoulder and shaking hands with him. "You will dine here to-day? You have no other engagements?"

"None at all. Thank you, General. You are very good."

"And here comes Nelly in person to second my invitation," said the old man beamingly.

"I beg pardon, papa," said the young lady, bestowing a bow on the stranger. "I knocked, but I suppose you did not hear me. I thought you were alone."

The General, who had begun a joyful grope in his pockets, making his keys and money rattle, stopped suddenly, as his daughter walked to the door.

"Eh," he began, with a blank visage. "What's this. Nelly, don't you—"

He waved his hand toward the miserable George, who stood, turning all sorts of colors, and wishing devoutly that the floor would open and swallow him. The girl looked at him, without an atom of recognition in her face. Her father glared from one to the other in a vague amazement, which speedily turned to wrath.

"What the devil do you mean, sir?" he cried, seizing the young man. "Explain yourself, sir! Who are you?"

"Nelly! Don't you know me?" asked the unhappy youth.

"George! Why—it is George!" said the young lady.

"Who else should it be?" inquired Sir Maximus, with unconscious self-contradiction. "Has all the world gone mad?"

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"No. What letter?"

"Leave the room!" roared the General to his daughter. She obeyed, trembling and bewildered. "Now, sir, explain yourself, or by George—"

"Oh, Miss," said Kitty, coming panting up the stairs, "I've got a letter for you from Mr. Eytton, and he's shaved his moustaches, and put blue spectacles on, and he's with the General now, and you mustn't see him till you've read this, please."

The girl took the proffered letter in a condition of blank bewilderment. It was not written in the clearest fashion in the world and it took a little time to understand it. When she did understand it, she amazed the faithful Kitty



HER TOUR.

Yes, we're traveling, my dear. These months, or such a matter, And you're blessing to get clear Of all the clack and clutter. Ah! when I look the guide-book through, And see each square place in there, 'Tis hard to make it seem quite true That I myself have been there.

Our voyage? Oh, of course 'twas gay— Delightful, splendid! glorious! We earned the shore—we sped away— We rode the waves victorious.

The first mate's mustache was so grand! The ocean sweet, though stormy, I was so sick I could not stand, But husband saw it for me.

At Queenstown we saw land once more— Grown never looked so pretty! We took a steam car near the shore For some light sounding city.

A very ordinary stone We had to kiss at Biarritz; The beggars wouldn't let us alone That half day at Killarney.

The Giant's Causeway? 'Tis arranged With no regard to science! It must somehow of late have changed— At least we saw no giant's hand.

Some little funny crabs of folks Sold pictures, and were merry; The men were full of yarn and jokes, The women barefoot, very.

Old Scotland! Yes, all in our power We did there, to be thorough; We stopped in Glasgow one whole hour, Then straight to Edinburgh.

At Abbotford we made a stay Of half an hour precisely, The ruins all along the way Were ruined very nicely.

We did two mountains in the rain, And left the others undone, Then took the "Flying Scotchman" train, And came by night to London.

Long tunnels somewhere on the line Made sound and darkness deeper. No English scenery is not fine, Viewed from a Pullman sleeper.

Oh, Paris! Paris! Paris! 'Tis No wonder, dear, that you go So far into the ecstasies About that Victor Hugo!

He paints the city, high and low, With faithful pen and ready eye; I think, my dear, I ought to know, We drove there two hours steady.

Through Switzerland by train, Yes I Enjoyed it, in a measure; But still the mountains are too high To see with any pleasure.

Their tops—they made my neck quite stiff, Just stretching up to view them; And folk are very foolish, I think, To clamber clear up to them!

Rome, Venice, Naples, and the Rhine? We did them—do not doubt it; This guide book here is very fine— 'Twill tell you all about it.

We saved up Asia till next year, If business gets unraveled, What! going, come again, and dear, I will not seem so traveled.

—Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine.

Left on the Field.

Perhaps you know what it is to have a bullet plow its way into your flesh, but were you ever left wounded on the field—left to wear away hours of daylight amidst groans and prayers and curses—to wear away a night which seemed years long, while men shrieked in agony and died—while wounded horses sighed and groaned and dragged themselves along—while ghouls prowled over the blood-red grass and wet their fingers in warm blood as they searched the bodies of dead and wounded for plunder?

"Forward!" came the order. I looked up and down the lines as we left the cover of the woods, and the regiment was dressed as if on parade. We were the battle-front of a brigade, and were going to charge a battery half a mile away. No skirmishers out—no firing. The battery was belching away under a cloud of blue smoke, and the ground was open and clear.

Tramp! tramp! tramp! No lagging—no forging ahead. Common time—march! march! It was a snail's pace but we were to increase it. The left of the line was swinging ahead a little as the impatient men increased their steps, when suddenly the enemy discovered our maneuver. There was a lull in the firing for fifteen seconds as the battery changed front, and then a shell tore through our center and shattered six or eight men.

"Double quick—charge!" and away we went, each man shutting his teeth hard as he entered the smoke cloud from under which the tongues of death leaped forward to scorch and wither dozens and scores and hundreds.

A grim veteran at my left raised a cheer. It was yet on his lips when the grape-shot tore a hole through his breast and sent him into a dry ditch, dead before he struck the grass. Two brothers on my right halted for an instant as the grape and cannister shrieked around them. I looked back and they were gone—dead under the feet of the second line.

How far it was! How long it took us to pass over that quarter of a mile! Now we see shadows around the guns—now the powder flame burns our faces—now we are cheering and shouting and using the bayonet. The guns are ours! Men fall to the ground as they step into pools of blood. Every gun has his blood-stain—every wheel is covered with crimson spots. Men died before the guns—around them—behind them. We cheer—hip! hip! hi—

Where am I? The afternoon sky is overhead—the roar of battle is in my ears—I am lying on my back on the ground. What does it mean? Heavens! What a burning, blistering, gnawing sensation in my left leg above the knee? I am wounded, and I am lying where I first went down. The guns were here, but they are gone now, part of them captured, part of them dragged away by hand. The tide of battle has shifted, and over this meadow the dogs of war are tearing at each other's throats.

Is there any one else here? I lift my head. Any one else? Great God! but the field is covered with dead and wounded—with men writhing and

groaning—with fragments of bodies—with pale-faced dead—with blood-stained dying! I can touch the dead on either side, and close behind me a piteous voice calls out:

"Comrade, for the love of Heaven give me a drink."

That pain again! Is the leg being roasted over a slow fire? I scream and shriek, and clutch the grass, and keep company with thousands of others, who are being tortured to insensibility by pain, or driven to distraction by the still-continued carnage.

Ah! it is night. The falling dew has brought more than one poor soldier back to life and renewed suffering. The batteries are silent, the muskets are resting after their deadly work. There is silence—no! From woods, and meadows, and knoll, and valley, from almost every yard of ground on that long battle-front, rise groans, and cries, and prayers, and pleadings. A general pride himself on a strategic movement, a colonel will be promoted for bravery, a major is flattered by the cheers of the living, a captain is proud that his men stood like a stone wall, and the result is 500 dead and wounded and mangled men—fathers, brothers and sons.

This is glory. Scream and shriek, but some one has won fame. Pray and plead and rave and curse, but the telegraph is flashing the news of a glorious victory over the country. The enemy has not retired as yet, but is getting ready to fall back when the night grows older.

Hark! Is some one moving? Yes, it is a step. Is it some wounded man hobbling away under cover of darkness? Nearer—nearer—and some one looks into my face. It is the ghoul of the battle-field—the hyena who drags his talons through blood and gaping wounds to rob dying men's pockets.

"Go away—I am not dead!" I shriek in his face as he bends closer, and he leaps aside to growl and swear and search the body of one whose pale, up-turned face is just catching the silver rays of the new moon. I hear more steps. Ghouls meet ghouls and holds a whispered conversation, and they separate with hands full of plunder. Now comes a heavier step. A trooper's horse is dragging himself across the field, a shattered leg making him utter almost human groans. He is more merciful than the ghouls. He weaves and turns to avoid the bodies in his path—he even halts and puts his nose against the faces of the dead as if he would speak to them.

So and so until midnight comes and goes, and then lanterns flash, and the ghouls speed away, and friends carefully lift up the wounded and carry white faces as they find comrades stiff and stark in pools of clotted gore.

And all this for what?

VARIETIES.

The Germans, as a race, are slow to see a point, at least as it is brought out in American jokes and stories. It was a German who kept a general store down in Ohio, when Ohio was on the frontier. At these frontier stores can be found dry goods, drugs, groceries, boots and shoes, and, in short, everything from a paper of soap to a hay wagon. Among other things to be had at the store of the worthy German was whiskey. This he sold at six cents a drink. One day one of the eccentric, ingenious individuals who are kept down only through lack of energy, sauntered into the store and called for six cents worth of crackers. The Teutonic proprietor went to the cracker barrel, and thrusting in his arm, brought forth the required articles and placed them on the table. The customer sat gazing at them a few moments and then said:

"Say, Hans, I've had a drink of whiskey. I wish you'd give me some whiskey for these crackers."

"Yah, I will do that," said Hans obligingly, and in a moment the crackers were returned to the barrel and a drink of whiskey was placed in their stead on the table. The queer customer drank it off with evident satisfaction, and after lingering about a little started to go out.

"Stop, mine friend!" exclaimed Hans. "You hev not paid me for dot whiskey!"

"The whiskey? Why didn't I give ye the crackers for the whiskey?"

"Vell, den, you hev not paid me for dose crackers!" cried Hans, a little more excitedly.

"The crackers? Why, haven't you got the crackers?"

"Vell, I don't understand dot," said Hans, scratching his head perplexedly, "but see, shust you go out; I don't want any more of your custom."

TWENTY men, mostly commercial travelers, met recently at the breakfast table of one of the hotels in Burlington, Iowa. A rather pompous-looking drummer sat at the head of the table. As the meal progressed a gentleman further down the board, politely asked the drummer if he would mind being kind enough to pass the bread. The person addressed very coolly took a slice between his thumb and finger and gave it a toss in the direction of the gentleman who had asked for it. Such a breach of etiquette did not escape the notice of those present; but the bread was taken and nothing said. Soon the pompous man asked for the hash. "Will you please pass that hash this way?" said he. A dish containing some hot hash stood within easy reach of the man who had just caught his bread on the fly. Seeing his opportunity, and at the risk of burning his palm, he reached over, seized a handful of the savory hash, and by a well directed throw, with all his force, landed the hash on his opponent's plate, from which it glanced in all directions, chiefly upon his broadcloth suit and white shirt front. The roar that went around the table was immense. After receiving the hash broadcast, Mr. Pomposo jumped up from the table, called to the proprietor, and said in indignant tones:

"Sir, I have been insulted at your table, and I want to pay my bill!"

The proprietor on finding out the true state of the case, told him at once he had better pay, and get out of the house as soon as he could, which he did.

The King of Spain sent an ambassador to the Pope, a young man of high extraction, with a special mission. The Pope, informed

that a special envoy of the King of Spain demanded an audience, imagined that he would receive an aged minister covered with stars, and venerable white hair, etc. Instead of which, in walked with light elastic steps, quite a young man. Haughty and irritable, the Pope looked at him, and at last said:

"Are all the old diplomatists in Spain dead, that the King sends us a young boy without even a beard?" ("Un jeune homme imberbe.")

"Holy Father," said the indignant Spaniard, "if the King, my master, had thought honor consists in a beard, he would have sent you a goat, and not a nobleman like myself."

First boy—"You owe Bill Jackson a lickin' an' yer wants to lick him?"

Second boy (lightening his fists and looking very bold)—"Yes."

First boy—"Well, now's yer chance. Yonder he goes across the way."

Second boy (weakening decidedly)—"Wouldn't it be jus' the same if I licked him to-morrow?"

First boy (contemptuously)—"What's the matter with yer? Didn't yer have nuthin' to eat for yer breakfast?"

Second boy (glad of an opportunity to explain)—"Yes, I had suthin' to eat, but twa'n't no reg'lar meal."

SOMETIMES the man who wants to be a wit has his weapon turned against himself. At a great dinner an eccentric clergyman saw a huge dish of cress, and, drawing it in front of him, began the work of destruction. The ill-mannered company laughed, and one of them said with sneer:

"Dr. McC., you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar."

The old gentleman looked slyly out of the corner of his eye and replied:

"Aye, man, so I remind you of Nebuchadnezzar, do? Well, I think it must be because I am eating among the brutes."

"Must you go so early?"

"Yes, gentlemen, I would like to stay with you a little longer, but it is out of the question."

"O, you might as well stay. We will take you to your house on Austin Avenue all safe."

"Yes, but will you guarantee my safety after I once get inside of the house?"

"Is your wife sitting up for you?"

"She is not only sitting up for me, but she is laying for me, too, at the same time. Good night."

It is reported that a stranger in Reno, in eating a plate of hash in one of their restaurants, being very hungry, neglected to chew it well and swallowed a large coat button. The physicians in that town doctored him for pneumonia for three days before he was able to explain. Then they fed him with a big button-hole tied to a string, and fished it out in a basin of water. The boarder of that restaurant now screens his hash through a cane-bottom chair.

Chaff.

The green grocer is one who trusts the new family in the next block.

The difference between a belle and a burglar—the belle carries false locks and the burglar false keys.

"Procrastination is the thief of a good time," was the lament of the small boy who got up too late to take the excursion train.

What is the difference between an old maid that dies and an autumn leaf? One fades and dies and the other dyes and fades—Bach.

"Adolphus, let us leave the avenue and stroll along the margin of the river." "Not any, dear Evangeline. No more margins for me."

When a man prefaces his conversation with "Now I know this is it, any business," you may be pretty sure that it isn't.

In a land of History.—They do say that the first question asked by a deacon visiting Egypt was: "Now, what were the real facts of the Potiphar scandal?"

"What are clouds?" asked the Popular Science Monthly. Well, one kind is when you call to see your girl and find that the other fellow is in the parlor with her.

A little three-year-old, after looking thoughtfully at the inside of a tea-kettle thickly coated with rust, said: "O, the tea-kettle is all lathered and plastered."

Nothing sohelpless newspaper as the impatience of useful information. "How shall I keep ants out of the sugar bowl?" asks a correspondent. "Fill the sugar bowl with salt."

The following is told of a green son of the Evergreen Isle. He was eating green corn from the cob for the first time. He handed the cob to the waiter and asked: "Will you please put some more hands upon me stick?"

A Newport snob recently went rowing with a small poodle. The boat capsized, the snob was drowned, and the poodle swam ashore; and we are longing to know if this is a case of the survival of the fittest.

"Mr. Foote," said a gentleman to that celebrated wit at a dinner party, "your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket."

"Thank you," was the mild reply, "you undoubtedly know the company better than I do."

An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made his escape as others did on that occasion, replied: "Be jabbers, those that didn't run are there yet!"

Conus Charley (an eminent dancing man)—"Just fancy, Edith! I'm engaged to go to a ball at Bedlam next week! Edith—"Take care they don't keep you when once they get you," Charley dear, don't be foolish! They only take in the curable cases, Miss Edith!"

A reporter interviewed a prize fat woman whose weight was 172 pounds. When asked: "Do you still claim to be the largest fat woman in the world?" she proudly replied: "Excuse me, but I do not regard the title, I am said to be the largest lady on exhibition."

"Melinda, I don't like the looks of that lover of yours." "Why, papa, dear?" "I don't think he's possessed of staying qualities." "Papa, then his looks deceive you awfully. He's superlatively blessed with staying qualities." "Why, he'd stay to breakfast if I'd let him."

A German Emperor made a visit to one of his towns and was received at one of the gates by a long row of deputies. Just as they were about to enter him a gentleman in a dark suit set up a terrible howl. "Gentlemen," said the Emperor, "if you wish me to understand you you must speak one at a time."

A mother had taught her little daughter to repeat at a Sabbath school concert the text, "Do, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" When evening came, she very calmly, with perfect self-possession, said: "Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!" Her father was great when she saw the laughter of the audience.

"Are you the judge of reproaches?" said Mrs. Partington, as she walked into the office of a Judge of Probate. "I am a Judge of Probate," was the reply.

"Well, that's it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and left several little nubbins, and I want to be their executor."

An Irishman once tried to shoot a little chipping bird with an old Queen Anne musket. He fired. The bird, with a chirrup or two flew away unharmed in the foreground, and the Irishman, who had not noticed his own slip in the background, picked himself up and shaking his fist at the bird, he exclaimed: "Be jabbers ye wouldn't a chirrupped if ye'd been at this end of the gun."

Jenkinson is having his fortnight off. As he was leaving the house the other morning, Mrs. J. presented her lips for the customary parting kiss; but Jenkinson, the brute, turned on his heel with the remark: "Not this morning, 'Tilda! I'm on my vacation you know."

A boy paid his first visit to one of the public schools the other day as a scholar, and as he came home at night his mother inquired: "Well, Henry, how do you like going to school?" "Bully," he replied in an excited voice. "I saw four boys licked, one girl got her ear pulled, and a big scholar burned his elbow on the stove. I don't want to miss a day."

HATFIELD, OHIO, Feb. 11, 1880.

I am very glad to say I have tried Hop Bitters, and never took anything that did me as much good. I only took two bottles, and I would not take \$100 for the good they did me. I recommend them to my patients, and get the best results from their use.

C. B. MERCER, M. D.

The Household.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS.

There is a period in the life of every young man when he is too bashful to really enjoy life, too self-conscious to know what to do with feet and hands, and when he had rather face Daniel's den of lions than a room full of young ladies. Boys—even young men—often attempt to hide a feeling of timidity or bashfulness under a half feigned roughness and brusqueness, as if they "didn't care," when they really do care very much, only are too ashamed and afraid of comment to be so bashful as they know how. Good manners are second only to good morals. What says Joubert: "Politeness is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but also on the mind and heart." The idea generally prevails that farmers' sons are deficient in polish and wanting in manners. They may possibly lack the polish which comes only from society usages, or is acquired by lessons in deportment from "Mr. Turveydrop," but they need not be lacking in the good manners which are born of a desire to be gentlemanly, or the observance of the little ways which custom sanctions and society expects. For those who want to cultivate the good manners which ought to be as natural to a young man as feathers to a fowl, I offer a few hints on several matters which too many of "our boys" ignore, or slight.

To open a door for a lady is a gracious thing to do, especially if she is an elderly one, if she is only leaving the room in which you expect to remain. Even the governess in a well-bred English family would not be allowed to leave the drawing-room, without some gentleman's opening the door for her; and at dinner-parties, no matter how high the rank of those present, it is always a guest, not a servant, who opens the door for the ladies when they retire, leaving the gentlemen to discuss their wine and cigars.

"Get out from under your hat" when you meet your lady friends. To mention this seems like "carrying coals to Newcastle," it is so generally done, but it is a little act of courtesy which farmers' boys too often neglect or forget. A man cannot take time for a Chesterfieldian salute in these hurried days, and the manners of Sir Charles Grandison are not expected. But the raising of the hat is a graceful mark of deference, pleasing to the lady, who feels honored by your courtesy, while she also feels she has a right to expect it. Don't wait until just as you are passing, and then make a spasmodic jerk toward your headgear, uncovering when she is perhaps half a block away with her back toward you; but give her the full benefit of the act. It is a mere matter of practice. There is a blackey boy of perhaps thirteen whom I meet every day, and whose gracefulness in lifting a somewhat shabby Derby is not to be outdone by any "howling swell" on the Avenue. Remove your hat when you enter a room; do not be guilty of the discourtesy of sitting in a neighbor's house with your hat on, and surely your own house is as good as your neighbor's and the ladies of your own family entitled to as much courtesy as any. Unwontedness in the habit often leads to laughable blunders, as when a man wears his towering stovepipe into the parquette of one of the opera houses here, last winter, and forgot to remove it until the overture was half over and the audience is a titter.

And about smoking. Don't do it. It is a vile habit, it hurts your constitution and wastes your money; many a bright silver dollar is burned in the nose of a long suffering world. A young lawyer of this city, twenty-two years old, who has his own way to make, and whose mother took boards in order to educate him, confesses to spending seventy to eighty cents a week for cigars; \$40 per year puffed away and not even smoke to show for it. But if you feel that you must smoke, that you really require your percentage of the weed to make you the man you ought to be—though I have not much of an opinion of a manhood that needs bolstering up with tobacco—don't ever be guilty of addressing a lady with a cigar in your mouth. Remove it by all means when you pass her; if you stop to converse, the highest civilization demands you throw it away into the lot, if you cannot afford this, get it out of sight—and smell—as much as you can, but do not talk and puff smoke in your friend's face unless you wish to deserve the epithet of "cad." Do not smoke when you walk with a lady, even though she tells you she "doesn't mind;" people who observe you do not know this, and believe you wanting in deference to your companion.

It is not "good form" to say "sir" or "ma'am" (never the abominable abbreviation "mom.") to any except quite elderly people, or those to whom superior deference is due.

A quiet demeanor is characteristic of a gentleman; he is not boisterous or noisy; his mirth is not rude hilarity, though no less deep and happy for its quietude. I do not agree the languid, don't-fan-too-hard-or-I'll-blow-away style of the hero of modern romance; it would be unsuited to farmers' sons, who are to be men of action and decision, but a little of the reserve,

the grave courtesy, bestowed as if it were a matter of course, tends to tranquilize and subdue the rude frolic, and wins for a young man the epithet of "nice" from his lady friends.

To be careful never to say anything to wound the feelings of others is one of the maxims of good breeding. A desire to be courteous and respectful aids much in the thoughtfulness for the comfort of others which lies at the bottom of genuine politeness. An imperturbable courtesy is the best possible protection against rudeness and insult. The man who after a heated argument can touch his hat and bid his opponent a polite good day, is a point ahead of the one who rushes off in a rage.

Take heed to the little courtesies, boys, and you will find the greater ones come so naturally that you will wonder how you learned them. If you practice picking up your mother's ball of yarn, it will come easy to lift a lady's glove, for courtesy, like other virtues, must be of home growth, or it is only a thin veneer, a whitewash of politeness through which the real habit will "show up." And do not be afraid to be so bashful as you know how, even at the risk of being laughed at by those who know less of good breeding than you. After the first few efforts, which will find it comes more and more easy, till at last the courtesies of life will be second nature.

BEATRIX.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

By the kindness of Rev. D. B. Tracy and wife, I was invited to take a trip with them up the lake to Alpena. Accordingly we stepped on board a luxurious drawing-room car at Detroit, and by way of the M. C. R. R. to Wayne, then via the F. & P. M. R. R. to Bay City, we enjoyed a most delightful ride. The gorgeous forest scenery, the green fields of wheat, the piles of yellow corn, the swift changing scenery of town, village, farm and forest made fair pictures on which one never wearied of gazing.

Arriving at Bay City, we embarked on board the Arundel, a fine, staunch iron steamship propeller; built last year. She is 135 feet long, by 26 wide, keel measurement, and very nicely fitted up, her painting being in white and gold, her cabins neatly carpeted and furnished, and the staterooms luxurious in their appointments. The officers are courteous and attentive, the men civil and obliging. The captain is Mr. John Stewart, who informed us he started on his first trip this season, March 6th, that he had made ninety round trips, and never missed connection with the Bay City train. This, in view of the uncertainties of water travel, is a wonder full record.

Leaving Bay City we soon have a bird's eye view of Point Lookout or Bay View, and after a sail across the bay, we in turn stop at Alabaster, Tawas and East Tawas, ere "night let her curtain down," and in this case, she does not "pin it with a star," but shrouds it with clouds. These towns are alike centers for salt and lumber export, also plaster to some extent, but East Tawas seems to lead in thrift and enterprise.

While seated on the deck, enjoying the evening breeze, we were entertained by Capt. Stewart with anecdotes of his experience. The hurricane deck of the Arundel is ornamented with an Indian female figure, which once excited the wit of a young lady passenger; who inquired of the captain if "that" were his wife.

"Hei-pree!" "yes," and to her expressed doubt of his good taste, said it suited him, exactly. "In what way," was the next query, and her rout was complete when she heard it was "because the figure was a silent woman."

On one occasion when lying at East Saginaw there drove down to the dock a rickety schooner topped wagon, drawn by a yoke of small oxen. It was packed with household wares, and a coop of chickens swung under the box. A venerable couple were the owners, and the woman as "boss," accosted the captain with the information that "they had come that way seventy miles, were going to Tawas and wanted to go on that boat. She was informed the boat was crowded, and the wagon would have to be unpacked and taken to pieces. "No!" she said, it must go as it was. "But, my dear woman," said the captain, "it is impossible. Don't dear me, you pup," screamed the virago. Finally, on her assuming all risk of damage, the attempt was made to drive on, and resulted in the top being broken, the chicken coop smashed and the fowls killed or liberated; while the matron kept time to their frightened squawks by oaths as blue as a trooper's. A basket of kittens she was moving was a source of trouble when unpacking the wagon, (which of course was finally done), and she presented them to the porter, and he with the superstition of a sailor, threw them overboard, to her intense indignation.

A happy illustration of Pat's wit was given in an instance where the captain was inciting a rather rash Irishman to increased exertion. "Hurry up, Pat, here, step in ahead of me!" "No, indeed sur, I've better manners than step in afore the captain."

But we at last sought our berths and with the exception of rousing when the boat landed, slept soundly until arriving at Alpena, about daylight. This city lies on Thunder Bay, on both sides of the river of that name, contains about 8,000 inhabitants, has numerous churches, good schools and does a large business in lumber, having nearly thirty mills. Returning, we stop at Alpena, a town built on the sands with wild bluffs above; next at Harrisville, quite a pretty town, where "going up" six men unloaded 1,200 bags of oats in sixty minutes, we are informed. Next we stop at Oscoda, the largest town on the trip. We can see many fine residences and business blocks, a number built of brick. At all these ports we see quantities of lumber, at some hemlock bark, railroad ties, salt and plaster. Having no railroad connection their winter supplies are laid in by boat during the autumn. Coming down from Oscoda, cultivated fields and pleasant farm houses grow more numerous. Calling again at

Tawas, we get a daylight view of its large sheltered harbor, and its fine lighthouse, which has a revolving light, showing alternately a white and red light. But the winds blow, the boat rocks, many disappear, others look gloomy, soon the rain falls, and all seek the cabin's shelter during the rest of the trip. Soon we are at the dock, then on board the cars, and in a few hours home again, in better health and spirits for our excursion.

A. L. L.

EARLY VEGETABLES.

It is always well along into early summer before farmers' tables are supplied with any vegetables from their own gardens. The garden is the laststop plowed, coming in for a share of the farmer's attention between the barley and oats are in, and the corn ground and perhaps planted. Then a few furrows are hastily turned, the surface scratched with a harrow, and a few rows of early potatoes, a bed or two of onions, a few beans and peas are planted, and the "garden is made," for the season. The wife tucks in a few radish and lettuce seeds, pricks out the tomato and cabbage plants she has cherished in the kitchen window, and makes prudent provision for her store of pickles next fall. No care is taken to provide for a succession, or continuous supply, and a brief season of over abundance is followed by a long season of waiting for something else to ripen. A dish of "greens" culled from the cowpails of the marsh or the dandelions and dock of the fields is the only fresh food offered in early spring, and at a time when city tables are supplied with lettuce, spinach and crisp radishes, the farmer's table is still laden with the same heavy, hearty food relaxed in winter, although the appetite waxes dainty and the chief cook racks her brain in the endeavor to procure a palatable variety. There may be barrels of beef and pork in the cellar, great stores of hams in the smokehouse, and plenty of groceries at her command, but the appetite craves fresh vegetable food, something which shall be the first fruits of the new year. And these might be had with but trifling outlay of time and money.

A small hotbed will afford a plentiful supply of lettuce and radishes; the material for the heat is no further off than the barnyard, there are few farms where the little lumber necessary could not be gathered from old corners, and the glazed sash, costing but little at first, will do service for years. Less than a day's work would prepare the bed, and it needs to be done too early in the season to interfere with other work. After the first crops of lettuce and radishes have been pulled, tomato, cabbage and egg plants may be started, and by the time thus gained, be ready to ripen before the slow-growing plant grown in the open air is prepared to blossom. Brittle, rosy red radishes and crisp delicious pale green lettuce are so mean appetizers, and help tone up a digestion impaired by wrestling with meat three times a day. Farmers who might live like princes, really fare worse than day laborers in the city in the matter of vegetables and fruits, merely because they are too much engrossed in looking after the crops which will bring in the most money to attend to those which insure comfort and health. The following experience, which we clip from an exchange, is worth trying; it will save doctors' bills:

"Last fall, in October, I spaded up a little plot in the garden, twelve feet by six feet in size, manured it well, smoothed it off and planted onions, lettuce and spinach. Just before winter set in I top-dressed with well rotted manure and spread some corn-fodder over it. Early in February I removed the fodder and part of the manure, made a frame of boards about the bed and covered it with sash brought from a defunct greenhouse. The plants grew rapidly under the glass, and by the middle of March we had all the onions we wanted to use. The lettuce came in by the last of March. This was nearly two months in advance of that which was planted in the open ground. And all this time, when 'garden sows' tastes better than at any other time of the year, we enjoyed all the lettuce and onions we wanted, while those who planted in the open ground in April were waiting for theirs to grow. As we removed the onions we filled a part of the space with lettuce, and in another part we sowed tomato for early plants. We also put a few freshishes in vacant places. Next time I mean to plant the radishes in the fall, substituting them for the spinach, which we do not like. I will mulch with straw, too, instead of fodder."

THE GIRLS.

I have been much interested in the controversy between Strong-Minded Girl and M. J., and was in hopes they would continue it and take it on a little different basis than they did. We in the country do not know very much about the fashionable city girl, and are perhaps more ready to condemn her faults than we would be if we were better acquainted. But I do not see but that the race of girls all the world over is pretty much the same; their souls seem to develop nobly and grandly under some circumstances, and to be narrowed and distorted under others. And I do not see but that, taking into consideration their opportunities and surroundings, the girls out of town are just as frivolous, as fond of dress and as willing to shirk their duties as those in town. But the frivolity in both cases can often be traced to good spirits and the effervescence which is like the froth on soda water, unsubstantial but piquant, the love of pretty things is born in and with them, and the evading of responsibilities often comes from mere thoughtlessness. It seems perfectly natural for girls to be full of frolic and fun, and they ought not to be expected to take sober views of life before they have tried and understand its responsibilities; yet under all the gaiety and gay nonsense we often find a good deal of right principle and generous self sacrifice. I think too, that if mothers would take more pains to instill a proper sentiment into the minds of their girls, respecting the character of young men with whom it is safe for them to associate, "fast" young men would be less popular. But too many mothers never have anything to say on the subject until their girls begin to go into society, when if a young man not quite correct in deportment begins to pay the girls any

attention, by their injudicious personalities and unwelcome opposition, they rouse a spirit of rebellion on both sides, which hurries on a state of feeling which otherwise would not come at all, perhaps. The training in right views should have been begun before the girls were old enough to go out. And if mothers—and fathers too—would go more with their young folks, and not leave them so much to choose their own friends and associates, parents and children would have much less to regret. I do not believe it is right to let a girl choose her own company, without a word of guidance, and then blame her because in her inexperience and thoughtlessness she accepts attentions from dissipated young men, or perhaps marries one of them. "The Girls We Meet" would be a good deal more earnest, conscientious and rightminded if the girls our fathers met had taken more pains to bring them up.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

NORTHVILLE, Oct. 12th.

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Loose's Extract of Red Clover Blossoms is reliable in every sense of the word. Cancer can be cured with this remedy, and many there are who can attest to this statement.

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## Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, late of Philadelphia, Pa., author of "The Horse and its Diseases," "Cattle and their Diseases," "Sheep, Swine and Poultry," "Horse Training Made Easy," etc. Professional advice through the columns of this journal to regular subscribers free. Particular information will be required to send their full name and address to the editor of this journal. No questions will be answered by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. In order that correct information may be given, the symptoms should be accurately described, how long standing, together with color and age of animal, and what treatment they have been subjected to. Private address, 301 Third Street, Detroit.

## Irritation of the Air Passages in a Horse.

Vicksburg, Oct. 10, '82.  
Veterinary Editor of Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—I have a five year old brown horse that had a very good many call the pink eye; this summer his eyes seemed to swell up and he ran at the nose a kind of water at first; seemed to act as if he was sore or stiff all over for about a week. I turned him out to grass and gave him a few drops of aconite three times a day, and he seemed to have got all over it, but I noticed he was coughing, but thought nothing of it until about two weeks ago; he coughed as if he had the heaves, and breathed very much like the heaves, seemed to be worse at times; to drive him in the dust seems to make him cough and breathe harder. I have kept him on dry feed through feeding; for feed had good timothy hay and oats. I gave him some alcohol with tar and belladonna in it for his cough, thought it helped him a little. Now if you can tell from this description what ailment I would be glad to have you tell me, through the FARMER, what to do for him; his weight is 1,300 pounds.

W. S.  
Answer.—We cannot diagnose the trouble with your horse as heaves; though that kind of respiration may temporarily exist. There is one thing very certain, that the seat of the disease is located in the air passages, which may be confined to some portion, or the entire mucous surface may be involved. When confined to the head a little chlorate of potassa pulv, put upon the tongue three or four times a day is all the treatment necessary. If the larynx or upper part of the throat is involved, a fly blister will usually give relief. If the disease extends to the bronchial tubes, the assistance of a veterinary surgeon should be secured, as a mistake in the treatment often proves fatal. As the animal appears better or worse at times, it may be due to atmospheric influences. The nostrils if filled with dust, has a tendency to excite sneezing or coughing even in a healthy animal, but much more so where irritation of the membrane of the nose exists. In the absence of a veterinary surgeon we would advise you to try the following: Sulphate cupri, pulv, half an ounce; nitrate of potash pulv, gentian root pulv, of each two ounces; Jamaica ginger root, one ounce. Mix and divide into twelve powders; give one every night in feed; good wheat or oat straw should be given instead of hay. Report or failure. For the last year all diseases of the air passages in the horse have been called pink eye, a misnomer.

## What Ails the Pigs.

Alamo, Oct. 16, '82.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—My pigs are sick, and so are those of my neighbor. They won't eat; go lame in left hind foot, and walk cross-legged in the rest. Some die in 24 hours, others live six weeks and then die. Can you give a cure through your columns and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ROCHESTER, Oct. 16, '82.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—Being a subscriber to your paper I would like to know what is the cause of my pigs being lame. They are May pigs, run out in a large pen, and some of each lot have had the same lameness at about six months old. They are Poland-Chinas and Berkshire.

One thing more, I have been to the fairs this fall, and have seen old boars with tusks three or four inches long, and they will cut a hog or critter fearfully. I know one to kill a sow at one stroke. I take such chaps and put a rope around the upper jaw, drawing them up so their front feet will just touch the ground and pry the mouth open with a stick, and twist the tusks off with a heavy pair of pliers; he will cut at the end and it is quickly done, and they look the better for it. I never have one more than a year old that is not fixed.

SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The two preceding letters, one dated Alamo, the other Rochester, Mich., both upon the same subject, are so indistinct that it is not in our power to diagnose the true character of the disease. Diseases of the hog, more than any other of our domestic animals, are usually very obscure, and much less understood by the veterinary profession; a fact due no doubt, to the difficulty of handling and administering medicines when diseased. The hog too is more subject to parasitic diseases than any of our domestic animals. The trouble is probably due to this cause. We would advise a careful post mortem examination by a human physician in the absence of a qualified veterinary surgeon, upon the carcass of a defunct porker, and report to us the pathological condition and appearance of the diseased organs, as well as the condition of the lame foot or feet; so we may have something definite to aid us in diagnosing the true character of the disease. If subscribers in writing to us for advice would only consider the difficulties under which we labor, they would be more careful in observing and describing the symptoms present in each sick or lame animal.

## Weak Back in a Horse.

Hancock, Mich., Oct. 10, '82.  
Veterinary Editor Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR.—Can you give me some more advice through the columns of your excellent paper? I have a five year old colt, with the build for a fine strong horse. He has always seemed a little weak in the kidneys. Last spring after about six weeks' work he seemed quite used up. He seemed to pass his water with difficulty, and was sensitive over the kidneys. He

held his tail always lifted and canted to the right side. I think he passed water quite frequently also. A few weeks' rest on grass seemed to bring him round, and he has all right this harvest, but about a month ago he gave out again, and has not been good for a full day's work since. At first he was very sore over the kidneys, but a good mustard poultice seemed to help that. Still he is not right. He passes his water usually without running out his yard and if he is worked hard he will pass water very frequently and be thoroughly used up before night. There seems to be a chronic weakness somewhere. Can you suggest some treatment that shall remedy it. I am giving him a dose of uva-urea, catechu, and opium once a day at present. The horse is in good flesh and good health too, except when worked hard. Appetite is very good. Any advice will be gratefully received.

Yours truly,  
W. G. W.

Answer.—The symptoms given as appearing in your horse are too indefinite to justify an attempt at diagnosing the trouble with your animal. That there is some derangement in the kidneys or spinal column, there is little doubt. But it appears to us there are complications, involving other important organs, which are not indicated by your description of the symptoms. You had better have the advice of a veterinary surgeon, if you can secure one in your neighborhood, otherwise we would advise the continuance of the uva-urea, without the catechu or opium, as they are both powerful astringents and calculated to do harm rather than good, in such cases. Or you may use two drachms of hydrochloric acid in a pint of water night and morning instead of uva-urea. If the kidneys are involved this may give relief, if not its tonic properties will do no harm; mustard applications to the loins are good. The animal should not be used for heavy work, until entire recovery takes place. Send us symptoms more clearly defined, and we will advise you what course of treatment to adopt.

"Middle measures are often but middling measures." There are no "middlings" about Kidney-Wort. It is the most thoroughly refined "flower" of medicine. It knows no half-way measures, but radically uproots all diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It overthrows piles, abolishes constipation and treats the system so gently and soothingly as to prove its true kinship to nature in all its phases. It is prepared in both liquid and dry form.

## CITY ITEMS.

DETROIT has got a 30 ton steam roller from England, and two street sweeping machines.

Last week a man who gave his name as Samuel Wright, was arrested in this city for stealing a horse from M. A. Rowe, of Manchester, Mich.

The excursion of the members of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exchange to St. Louis, over the Wabash, was a decided success, so say the participants.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union of Detroit, has raised \$1,000 by subscription for the purpose of giving a course of free temperance lectures at one of the Opera Houses every Sunday afternoon.

The libel suit of Hugh S. Peeples against the Post and Tribune for \$50,000 is now in progress in the Superior Court. The Evening News and the Volkshalle have each one pending for the same amount, and the result of the present case will have an important bearing on them.

The State Supreme Court has affirmed the verdict of the Recorder's Court in the case of the notorious Bob McKinney. It now remains to be seen whether he will get his just deserts. If Prosecuting Attorney Caplis will at once move for sentence on him, it will give the respectable portion of the community more confidence in him, and bring in quite a few wavering voters among his constituents.

The Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the lower court in the case of Peter Henkel against the City of Detroit, for alleged damages to his property from farmers' wagons occupying the street on which his business is located. The city offered Henkel \$1,000 to settle the matter, but he refused. The City Attorney then took it to the Supreme Court, where the decision was reversed, and the cost of both courts assessed against Henkel. Market Clerk Poole takes considerable credit to himself in this case, as he is the one who proposed to fight it. The court held that as Henkel had purchased the property after the avenue had been set aside for market purposes, he could not recover damages sustained by reason of the occupancy of the adjoining streets by teams, as he knew, or should have known, of such occupancy when he purchased the property.

The Rothschild Brothers of this city, who are extensive dealers in leaf tobacco, and who it will be remembered got into a tangle with the government about some duties which they forgot to pay, have been trying to settle up the case against them with the officials at Washington. They employed a female, who waited on the Solicitor of the Treasury in their interest, and who on finding that he was determined to prosecute them, made use of some language that savored of blackmail, when the solicitor called an officer and had her removed. The government made a claim for \$23,000, and the Rothschilds offered \$1,000 in settlement, but after the female fiasco, they came up to \$1,100, evidently thinking she had spilt their case at least \$100. The Solicitor of the Treasury has notified the U. S. District Attorney here that he has no intention of settling the case on the terms offered, and that if it is possible, the case should be tried at the November term of the court in Detroit.

## To Whom It May Concern.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 20th, 1882.  
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.  
I notice an advertisement in some papers by one Seely, claiming to have taken papers over the Dederick Press at the New York State Fair. That is perfectly false, since the New York State Agricultural Society has not offered any competitive premiums for many years on machinery of any kind. The essential features of his press have been stolen from my patents, and I have prosecuted him for infringement, though his ability to pay costs and judgment is extremely doubtful.  
Yours,  
P. K. DEDERICK.

The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. Only 10 cents,

This emigrant, tourist, or traveler, bound for the productive mine and fertile prairie of the Great Southwest, is unanimous in selecting the route via Chicago. Implicit confidence is placed in the Kansas City pioneer line, composed of the B. & O. and Old Reliable Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroads. Through fast trains are run by this line, and the equipment is unsurpassed.

## COMMERCIAL.

## DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, October 24, 1882.  
Flour.—Receipts for the week, 3,822 bbls, shipments, 5,649 bbls. The inquiry is sufficient to take all stock offering, and maintain prices at former rates. Local millers report a good trade with their mills running to full capacity. Stocks are light both in first and second hands. We quote:

White wheat, roller process, No. 1, 5 7/8  
Fancy white (city mills), 5 3/4  
Choice white wheat (country), 5 3/4  
Minnesota spring, 5 3/4  
Minnesota patent, 5 7/8  
Rye, 4 1/2  
Wheat, roller process, No. 1, 5 3/4  
Market, and trading was slow. There was some inquiry for each wheat at the early hour, but later the market was lifeless, closing weak at a decline in all grades from Saturday's prices. The lower grades of white were very dull. Closing prices were as follows: No. 1 white, 99¢; No. 2 do, 98¢; No. 3 do, 97¢; rejected, 88¢. In futures last sale was at the following rate: October, 99¢; November, 98¢; December, 96¢; January, 95¢; February, 94¢.

Corn.—The market is well sustained but quiet. Three or four carloads of No. 2 corn were sold yesterday at 74¢, and the wants of the market at that rate were not fully supplied.  
Oats.—Have been quiet. Yesterday a carload was sold at 38¢, but afterwards they were pushed at 38¢ and finally at 38¢, but could not be placed. One carload of No. 2 white oats was sold at 44¢ and one carload of white oats on track by sample at 44¢.

Barley.—Receipts still quote at \$1 50/60 per 100 lbs for good to choice samples; receipts are light and the wants of the market are not well supplied.

Feed.—Inactive; receipts are light and inquiries are few. Good feed is quoted at \$1 14/16; coarse middlings would not command over \$1 14/16; corn and oats \$2 20/30.

Rye.—Very little coming forward. The market is stronger, and quotations range from 62¢ to 70¢ per bu.

Butter.—Quotations are 25¢ to 30¢ per lb for choice, with light receipts. Of the lower grades, choice lots are frequently taken above quotations. Choice butter is not to be had, and would undoubtedly command 25¢ per lb above quotations.

Cheese.—Fine full cream stock is firm at 12¢ 1/2, and second quality at 11¢ 1/2 to 12¢ per lb. Demand good.

Market bare of fresh stock. Quotations are 25¢ to 30¢ per lb.

Beeswax.—Invoices of pure quoted at 30¢ to 31¢; in stock it is held at 28¢ to 30¢.

Onions.—Market quiet. Prices range about \$1 75 per bu.

Beans.—Buyers offer \$1 25 to \$1 50 per bu, for new unshelled. Handpicked are worth \$2 10 per bu.

Dried Apples.—Stocks are light and the market firm at 6¢ for common; evaporated are quoted at 15¢.

Apples.—Market steady at about 2¢ 30/35 per bu, for full to good stock, with choice commanding 25¢ to 30¢ per bu.

Pears.—Market quiet, with good fruit selling at \$2 20/30. Receipts very light.

Quinces.—Few are being received. Quotations are 3¢ per bu or 50¢ per bu.

Peaches.—The supply is quite limited, but appears to be all that is required. Quotations range from 30¢ to 40¢ per bu.

Grapes.—Select Concord, the market is overstocked at 3¢ 1/2 per bu; Catawbas and Delaware are in good supply at 7¢ to 8¢.

Bops.—Very firm and prices are hardening; for new State the trade are paying 60¢ to 65¢; in stock New York hops are quoted at 70¢ to 75¢ and State descriptions 65¢.

Honey.—Select clover at 16¢ to 18¢, and 20¢ is named for fancy inquiries.

Timothy Seed.—Quiet; small orders are being filled at about \$2 10/15 per bushel.

Provisions.—The Chicago market has been in a demoralized condition for several days, and has affected our local market. Hogs and family meats are weak, and all pork products are weaker. Dressed hogs have dropped at all packing points, and though receipts are light the markets are all dull. Quotations in this market are as follows:

Mess.—24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100

Monday.—28 loads: nine at \$13; five at \$14; four at \$15; three at \$16; two at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Tuesday.—9 loads: three at \$14 and \$15; two at \$16; one at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Wednesday.—26 loads: eight at \$14 and \$15; three at \$16; one at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Thursday.—22 loads: seven at \$14 and \$15; three at \$16; one at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Friday.—22 loads: seven at \$14 and \$15; three at \$16; one at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Saturday.—22 loads: seven at \$14 and \$15; three at \$16; one at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Sunday.—22 loads: seven at \$14 and \$15; three at \$16; one at \$17; one at \$18; one at \$19; one at \$20; one at \$21; one at \$22; one at \$23; one at \$24; one at \$25; one at \$26; one at \$27; one at \$28; one at \$29; one at \$30; one at \$31; one at \$32; one at \$33; one at \$34; one at \$35; one at \$36; one at \$37; one at \$38; one at \$39; one at \$40; one at \$41; one at \$42; one at \$43; one at \$44; one at \$45; one at \$46; one at \$47; one at \$48; one at \$49; one at \$50; one at \$51; one at \$52; one at \$53; one at \$54; one at \$55; one at \$56; one at \$57; one at \$58; one at \$59; one at \$60; one at \$61; one at \$62; one at \$63; one at \$64; one at \$65; one at \$66; one at \$67; one at \$68; one at \$69; one at \$70; one at \$71; one at \$72; one at \$73; one at \$74; one at \$75; one at \$76; one at \$77; one at \$78; one at \$79; one at \$80; one at \$81; one at \$82; one at \$83; one at \$84; one at \$85; one at \$86; one at \$87; one at \$88; one at \$89; one at \$90; one at \$91; one at \$92; one at \$93; one at \$94; one at \$95; one at \$96; one at \$97; one at \$98; one at \$99; one at \$100.

Good to choice shipping steers, 5 7/8 to 6 7/8  
Fair shipping steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Good to choice butchers' steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Fair butchers' steers, 5 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock, 4 5/8 to 5 5/8  
Good mixed butchers' stock, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8

Good to choice shipping steers, 5 7/8 to 6 7/8  
Fair shipping steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Good to choice butchers' steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Fair butchers' steers, 5 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock, 4 5/8 to 5 5/8  
Good mixed butchers' stock, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8

Good to choice shipping steers, 5 7/8 to 6 7/8  
Fair shipping steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Good to choice butchers' steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Fair butchers' steers, 5 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock, 4 5/8 to 5 5/8  
Good mixed butchers' stock, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8

Good to choice shipping steers, 5 7/8 to 6 7/8  
Fair shipping steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Good to choice butchers' steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Fair butchers' steers, 5 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock, 4 5/8 to 5 5/8  
Good mixed butchers' stock, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Cattle, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Hogs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Pigs, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Sheep, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Goats, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Horses, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Mules, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Donkeys, 4 3/8 to 5 5/8

Good to choice shipping steers, 5 7/8 to 6 7/8  
Fair shipping steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Good to choice butchers' steers, 5 5/8 to 5 7/8  
Fair butchers' steers, 5 3/8 to 5 5/8  
Fair to good mixed butchers' stock, 4 5/8 to 5 5/8  
Good mixed butchers' stock,